

E 467

.1

.S84 S6

Copy 1

ORATION

BY

GEN. JOHN C. SMITH,

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

AT

TOLEDO, OHIO, MAY 26, 1887.

ORATION

AT THE

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

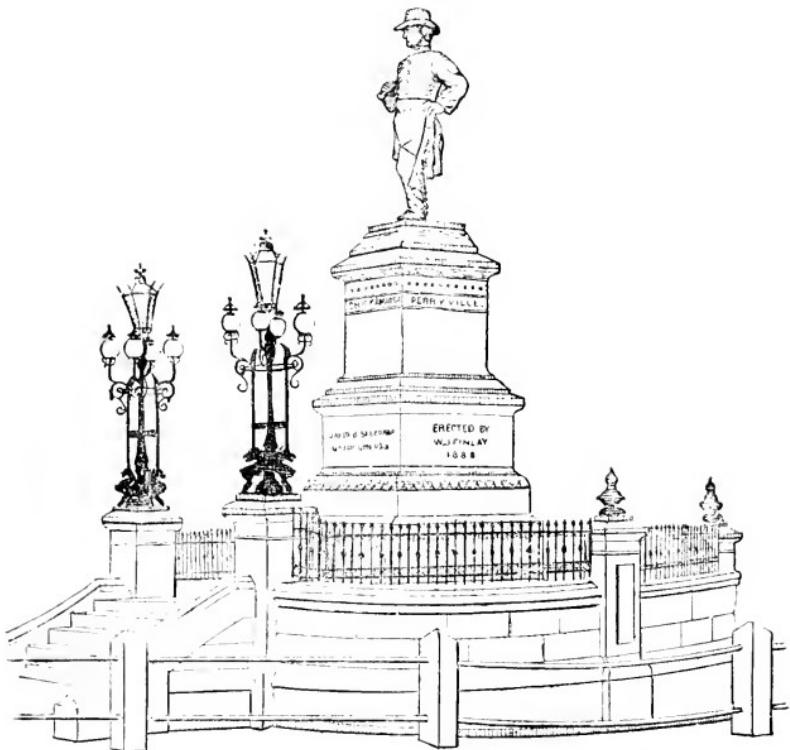
MAJ. GEN. JAMES B. STEEDMAN

BY GEN. JOHN C. SMITH,
LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS,

— — —
AT TOLEDO, OHIO, MAY 26, 1887.

— — —

CHICAGO:
PRINTED BY KNIGHT & LEONARD CO.,
1887.



ORATION.

Mr. President, Ladies, Comrades, and Friends:

IN studying the life and habits of the people of ancient times, we learn that one of their customs was the building of mounds of earth or stone over the remains of friends and loved ones, to mark, as well as to protect, the place of their interment. We also learn that, as these people advanced in civilization, they erected altars, monuments, memorial buildings, and mausoleums over the graves of the deceased, or in some more favored spot, the better to perpetuate their memory. Thus they specially honored the rulers of the country, or the citizen who had performed distinguished services for the state, or the soldier who had won great victories over the public enemies on land or sea.

The first recorded evidence we have of this custom is to be found in the Holy Bible, wherein we read the story of the patriarch Jacob and his wife Rachel, and learn that when she died "Jacob set a pillar upon her grave," to mark the place of her burial.

So gradual has been the change from those rude mounds of ancient times to the monuments and mausoleums of the present, and so universal the custom, that we feel we are only performing a public and a sacred duty when we erect a monument to a great statesman or a memorial to our gallant soldiers. Public opinion has done much to bring about this commendable custom, which, strengthened by our love of freedom and equal rights for all, has developed a grand and noble sentiment, that awards its honors to the honest, though humble, citizen who has performed some meritorious service, as ungrudgingly as to the distinguished official.

In this age and in this country, the grave of the private soldier, unmarked save by the green verdure of nature or the wild flowers of the forest, is as sacred and honored as the stately shaft upon the banks of the Potomac, erected to the memory of the immortal Washington, or as the peaceful tomb on the majestic Hudson of that silent man, the invincible yet magnanimous conqueror of a great rebellion, Ulysses S. Grant. If there be a difference between these graves, it is but an outward difference, and such as time, place, and the means at our disposal may have caused. The soldier's grave is hurriedly made, perhaps by brave comrades and under a flag of truce, with such implements as were ready at hand; the proud shaft is a gift of a grateful people in a time of peace and prosperity.

Friends and fellow-citizens: I am pleased to see so many of you present at the unveiling of this monument—a monument which has been erected to the memory of one who was the foremost volunteer soldier the State of Ohio gave to the cause of the Union in the War of the Rebellion. The people of this great state and this important commercial city, the friends and neighbors of the illustrious soldier whose memory this monument is intended to perpetuate, are to be congratulated upon its auspicious completion.

All honor to him, the generous donor, your own citizen, the true and life-long friend of our departed hero, for this, his magnificent and liberal gift. To WILLIAM J. FINLAY, the people of Toledo, of Ohio, and of the Nation, are indebted for this enduring monument which he has caused to be erected to soldierly valor—a monument of granite and bronze, materials typical of the lasting fame and sterling character of him whose deeds it is designed to perpetuate.

To the sculptor, ALEXANDER DOYLE, great praise is due for the accuracy with which he has preserved the form and features of our hero for future generations.

The children now gathered around us will long remember this day; and they and their children's children will ever point with pride to that bronze figure of one who, in the great Rebellion, stood firm for our glorious Union. They will point with pleasure to this monument, and say: "There is the statue of one who stood firm when others faltered; when others hesi-

tated, he marched forward, and, leaving home, family, friends, and political affiliations, went eagerly forth to battle for our liberties, and die, if need be, in our defense."

These monuments are silent, but potent and instructive monitors. They are worth more than volumes of recorded history to instruct the young and point the path of duty which leads the way to glory. What a reminder are they, my friends, of the gallant deeds performed by our citizen-soldiers in the hour of our national peril, and what lessons of patriotism they will teach our children in the coming generations. What a glorious inspiration was the sight of the pyramids to the legions of France, and how well Napoleon knew its influence, as, riding down his lines, he exclaimed: "Soldiers! from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions." Was he mistaken? No! No!—for the bravery and endurance of his troops were soon put to a trying test, as ten thousand of those fierce Mamelukes, the finest cavalry in the world, rode down upon his solid squares of bristling steel. Not a line wavered, though the earth trembled under that wild charge; not a soldier fell from the ranks as that whirlwind of death swept down upon them, but, grasping his musket more firmly, he awaited the onslaught. On, on, came the wild Mamelukes; but to certain death on the point of the bayonet, and the veterans of France were again victorious.

Far more inspiring than the pyramids of Egypt are these monuments to the memory of our brave soldiers. Unlike those vast structures erected by slaves to perpetuate the names of their rulers, these monuments are erected by free-men to the memory of the American soldier who fought in the defense of liberty and for the perpetuity of this great Nation. These monuments are not only testimonials to individual worth, but they serve as magnificent records of glorious deeds performed and gallant achievements successfully accomplished by our volunteer soldiers, for liberty, for country, and for mankind.

JAMES BLAIR STEEDMAN, a major-general in the Volunteer Army of the United States; born in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1817; died in this city, Toledo, Ohio, October 18, 1883.

Such is the brief announcement of the birth, life, and death of one who rendered more than ordinary service to his country in the great Rebellion of 1861-65, when

"He stood where but few had the strength to stand,
In the wild forefront of a giant time."

He was of Scottish descent, of a race known everywhere for its industry, integrity, and bravery. Left an orphan at an early age, the eldest of three children, he promptly assumed the care and support of his brother and sister. His education was necessarily limited to a few months at odd times in the little log school-house in a country district. Anxious to perform a man's labor and receive a man's wages, he early learned the printer's trade, and at the age of seventeen we find him gathering up his little bundle of clothes—tying them in a handkerchief, as was the custom in those days—and taking his departure from the newspaper office in Lewisburg, Pa., where he had been working. His was an adventurous spirit, and many are the stories told by his friends and relatives of his boyhood's escapades. From Lewisburg, Pa., he tramped all the way to Louisville, Ky., doing odd jobs to pay his expenses in the towns he passed through.

He was employed in Louisville upon the *Journal*, a newspaper already made famous by that brilliant writer, George D. Prentice. There can be no question that he did his work well while in this office, as it was ever a fixed principle with him to do promptly and correctly all work assigned him. He not only met the expectations of Mr. Prentice, but he won his confidence and made of him a firm and lasting friend, for at a critical moment he defended him from a dastardly personal assault which grew out of the sharp controversy then at its height between the *Journal* and *Democrat*.

Regarding this friendship of Mr. Prentice, it is said that, when General Steedman was ordered with his command to the defense of Louisville, in 1862, he found opportunity, when

in that city, to take the band of the Fourteenth Ohio regiment, and serenade Mr. Prentice and the *Journal* office. After listening to the music for a time, Mr. Prentice stepped out on the balcony of the office to acknowledge the compliment, and inquired to what regiment the band belonged. The reply was, "Steedman's old regiment, the Fourteenth Ohio." "Where is Steedman?" asked Prentice. "Here he is," shouted the boys; and the general, going forward, was grasped heartily by the hand, and taken to the balcony, where the great journalist affectionately threw one arm over the general's shoulders, and said: "I thank you, General—I thank the men of your old regiment and this splendid band—for the handsome compliment paid me and my paper. I wish to say to you men of the Fourteenth Ohio, that you need never fear to follow where your commander leads, or go where he orders. General Steedman is a brave man, and I know it." The boys cheered heartily, for they knew that Mr. Prentice spoke the truth, as had been proven more than once and upon several battlefields.

Young Steedman did not remain long in Louisville, but leaving there in company with several other adventurous spirits, he joined the patriot army in Texas, where he barely escaped the massacre at the Alamo. The Texas war soon ending, he returned to his old home in Pennsylvania; but after a brief visit, still anxious for a more active life, he removed to Ohio, which continued to be his home until his death.

I will not enter into an account of his journey overland to California in 1849, and return a year later; nor of his experience in Washington, as Public Printer, during the contest for supremacy by the pro-slavery leaders and their withdrawal from Congress, as these facts are familiar to most of you, preceding as they did the great Rebellion.

The call of Abraham Lincoln, April 15, 1861, "for seventy-five thousand men to suppress combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings," found Steedman editing the *Times*, a Democratic newspaper published in this city. Having been a member of the Charleston Convention, and intimately acquainted with the leaders of

the South, Steedman knew that secession was no idle threat. He immediately advocated enlistment, and set an example to the young by enlisting himself. It was but a short time after the call of the President that Steedman was found at the head of a regiment, the Fourteenth Ohio, and ready for duty.

Engaged in the drill and discipline of his regiment, he received the following order :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
Cincinnati, May 26, 1861.

COLONEL STEEDMAN, commanding Fourteenth regiment, Marietta: You will, on receipt of this, cross the river and occupy Parkersburg. The Eighteenth (Ohio) regiment, at Athens, is ordered to report to you. You will at once move toward Grafton, as far as can be done with prudence, leaving sufficient guards at Parkersburg and the bridges as you advance. Avail yourself of the assistance of the armed Union men, preserve the strictest discipline, and do all in your power to conciliate. If you have to fight, remember that the honor of Ohio is in your hands. Communicate fully. See that the rebels receive no information by telegraph. See that the rights of the people are respected, and repress all attempts at negro insurrection.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General U. S. Army, Commanding Department.

"Remember that the honor of Ohio is in your hands," was a command that Steedman never forgot; and right gallantly did he defend her honor.

Colonel Steedman occupied Parkersburg, Va., May 27, and immediately pushed on toward Grafton, repairing and guarding the railroad as he advanced. He engaged the enemy at Phillipi; next, at Laurel Hill; and, supported by Milroy, he fought the battle of Carricksford, July 13, in which the rebel general Robert S. Garnett was killed. In this action, Colonel Steedman gave great promise of his future military skill, as by his strategy and bold fighting he not only won an important victory, but also drove a superior force of the enemy from its chosen line of defense.

Shortly after this action Colonel Steedman was transferred to Kentucky, to the immediate command of Gen. George H. Thomas, then organizing for operations in East Tennessee.

January 19, 1862, Steedman was engaged in the battle of Mill Springs, the first victory of the troops which were soon to form the heart of the grand Army of the Cumberland—an army destined to win imperishable glory under its first, as he was its last, commander, Gen. George H. Thomas. In this battle another promising Confederate officer was killed—a gallant Tennessean—General Felix K. Zollicoffer.

For soldierly ability displayed in this action, Colonel Steedman was assigned to the command of a brigade, which he led at Shiloh and in the retreat back to Kentucky. July 19, 1862, Steedman was made a brigadier-general of volunteers, and afterward participated in the battles of Perryville and Stone River. He led the advance of the left wing of Rosecrans's army in the Tullahoma campaign, but before reaching the Tennessee river he was assigned to the command of the First Division of the Reserve Corps. As it was when in command of this division that he made his great reputation as a soldier, I will enter more into the detail of this period.

General Steedman joined his new command August 13, 1863, headquarters being then on Elk river, below Tullahoma, Tenn. August 20, he moved headquarters to Murfreesboro, stationing the troops along the line of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad from Murfreesboro to the Tennessee river, at Bridgeport, Ala. This assignment continued until early in September, when the movement to concentrate and report to General Rosecrans at the front was commenced. The third brigade, which had been prisoners of war, but was now exchanged and returned to duty, was ordered along the railroad, and the troops which were relieved moved forward. Col. Dan McCook's brigade of Gen. James D. Morgan's division (the second) was ordered to Steedman, to take the place of the third brigade, Col. John Coburn, now on the railroad. The Twenty-second Michigan, Colonel LaFavour, and the Eighty-ninth Ohio, Colonel Carlton, were also assigned to the general.

September 13, at 7 A.M., Steedman crossed the Tennessee river, marched up through the Wauhatchee, and across the Nose of Lookout Mountain, to Rossville, Ga., reaching that place at 10 A.M. on the 14th, having marched the distance of thirty-six miles, over mountainous roads, in twenty-seven hours.

The troops concentrated at Rossville under command of Steedman were:

First Brigade, First Division, Gen. Walter C. Whitaker.

Second Brigade, First Division, Col. John G. Mitchell.

Second Brigade, Second Division, Col. Dan McCook.

Demi-Brigade, Third Division, Col. Heber LaFavour.

In all fourteen regiments of infantry, and three six-gun batteries of light artillery, all belonging to the Reserve Corps.

A few incidents which occurred during the movements referred to, and before the battle of Chickamauga, gave me an insight into the character of General Steedman, and led me to a true appreciation of his sterling worth.

During the brief stay of Whitaker's brigade at Bridgeport, a detail of one hundred men was made for police duty, and Captain W. F. Taylor, Ninety-sixth Illinois, was assigned the command. Organizing his men into working parties, the captain proceeded vigorously to perform the duty required. About noon, as General Steedman was riding by, he stopped to speak to the captain, and, pointing out some additional ground to be cleared, said, "Captain, there is much work to be done, and I wish you to be as expeditious as possible." Captain Taylor, looking up in surprise, responded, "General, it is impossible for these men to do all that work to-day, and it will be necessary to have another detail." Leaving a staff officer, who had accompanied him, the general rode a short distance from the men, and motioning the captain to join him, replied, "Captain, don't you know that you do wrong to talk as you did in the presence of your men? You will be relieved at the proper time, and if the work is not done to-day, another detail will be made to-morrow." The captain answered that he had no doubt such would be the case, but he failed to see where he had done wrong in speaking in the presence of the men. "Your remarks," said the general, "were of such a nature as to lead the men to think they had been assigned a laborious task and were being imposed upon, thus causing them to be dissatisfied. Never do so again, captain, but encourage your men to do all they can, and I assure you they will not be imposed upon." This was true courtesy, showing more than

ordinary care to avoid wounding the feelings of a subordinate officer, at the same time administering a gentle reprimand and preserving strict discipline.

I recall another instance, where the general had unknowingly done an officer an injustice. Steedman had taken a liking to a soldierly-looking lieutenant, Halsey H. Richardson, and was pained when a report reached him that the lieutenant had entirely failed to carry out an order given him. Passing the column of troops, and seeing Richardson, the general had publicly reprimanded him. It so happened that my attention had been called to this matter. I had made an investigation, and learned that the order had been executed, so far as it was possible, and that the facts fully warranted the action of the lieutenant. Speaking of this subject, as we were seated by a camp fire during the evening, I informed the general of the facts, whereupon his face brightened with pleasure, and, rising, he exclaimed, "Then I was misinformed, and I owe Lieutenant Richardson an apology." A few days later, as we were riding along the line, the general made inquiry for the lieutenant. He was found in the ranks of the men who had so recently witnessed his humiliation. Then Steedman addressed him as follows: "Lieutenant, I am informed by Major Smith, of my staff, that my orders to you a few days ago were executed so far as you were able to execute them. The information I previously received was not correct; upon that information I reprimanded you in the presence of your men; I now know you did as you were directed, so far as it was possible. I was then wrong and you were right, and I now make this acknowledgment to you in the presence of your men." Taking off his hat, he continued, "And I desire, lieutenant, to make this apology to you as public as the reprimand, and I beg of you to forget the injustice I did you on that occasion." This is a splendid exhibition of Steedman's sense of justice and scrupulous regard for the feelings of a subordinate who could not defend himself.

While this noble trait of character was often exhibited by Steedman in his intercourse with subordinates, there was no cringing before superiors. To those in rank above him he was courteous, obeying every order relating to his command

as cheerfully as though he fully approved or had written the same himself. There was no fawning sycophancy in Steedman—no gushing profession of approval—but a cool, quiet, and soldierly obedience. If his opinion was sought, it was frankly given; and if it differed from that of his commander, it was modestly but firmly maintained.

He delighted in responsibilities; they never excited or alarmed him. He was ready for them, and promptly assumed them. Steedman never wasted time in looking for an opportunity; he made the opportunity.

I have said that Steedman delighted in responsibilities. Let me relate an instance or two in which he assumed them, though in doing so he opposed and nullified the orders of a superior officer.

While he was in command at Triune, Tenn., there came within his lines a superior officer and his troops. This officer was a brave man, and well known for the hard blows he always gave the enemy. The officer's wife and child had been upon a train between Nashville and Murfreesboro but a few days previous, when the train had been ditched and fired into by a band of guerrillas. The consequence was an order to burn and destroy all property and buildings which might afford shelter or comfort to the enemy. This order embraced the residence of a Mr. Claybrook, a law-abiding and loyal citizen, residing near Steedman's camp, and a mounted detail was sent to fire it. When the general heard of this order and its attempted execution, he denounced it as an outrage, and immediately sent a superior force, arrested the officers and men charged with this duty, and released them only upon the rescinding of their orders. This prompt action saved Mr. Claybrook's residence, and caused a sharp controversy between the two general officers, the one insisting that the property should be destroyed and the other that it should not; General Steedman declaring that, "unless for good cause," neither the general commanding nor any other officer should destroy property within the lines of his command; and they didn't. I think that you will admit that this was assuming a responsibility. Not only was the order of a superior officer set aside, but the command charged with its execution was arrested and

held until the order was withdrawn; and the general officer afterward admitted that Steedman was right.

Only a few days before the battle of Chickamauga, I saw Steedman assume a greater responsibility than the one I have just related, and the prompt and fearless manner in which he did it made him invincible in that action. The command at Rossville numbered about six thousand rank and file, of which two-thirds were reported to Thomas on Sunday noon, one brigade (McCook's) being left in reserve, but Steedman's magnificent and soldierly presence made that command equal to ten thousand. Following the forced march over Lookout Mountain, there was a scarcity of food, and the men commenced foraging for subsistence—a few nubbins of corn, a bunch of string beans, a piece of smoked meat, or a Georgia hog, too thin for old Satan to have ever entered, were all the boys could find to fill out their scanty rations. A major-general who was with the command determined to stop this foraging, and detailing his escort he ordered them to picket the roads leading into Steedman's camp, and arrest every man found outside. The men arrested were brought before this officer, and closely questioned as to where they had been and what they had been doing. If the answers were satisfactory and no provisions or forage found in their possession, they were released and ordered to their command. If otherwise, their coats were taken off, the men were tied to trees or picket rope, so long as cordage could be found to tie them with, and when this failed they were required to shoulder rails, wood, or anything to hold them in place and punish them. This continued until one hundred or more were collected, when a staff officer of this major-general, the provost-marshal, was ordered to give each man twenty-five lashes upon his bare back. General Steedman and several of his staff had been silent witnesses of this outrage until the order was given to flog these men; thereupon, Steedman quietly arose from his camp stool, walked over to his superior officer, and said: "General, I suggest that twenty-five lashes are rather severe, and think that twenty would do as well." The major-general, with much profanity, refused to change the order, and directed the provost-marshall to proceed, but after much persuasion on the part of

Steedman the number was reduced to twenty. Having gained this point, Steedman then suggested that fifteen lashes would be sufficient. Warm words followed; but Steedman was again successful, and the order was finally given for fifteen lashes, with the positive assurance that under no circumstances would the men be released from this punishment. General Steedman, who had again seated himself, now arose, and buttoning his coat, as only a soldier does when going into action, advanced toward his superior officer, saying: "General, those soldiers belong to my command; they were under no restriction as to leaving camp. There were no orders forbidding their foraging, providing they did not molest the loyal citizens. They are short of rations, and were permitted to do as they have done. They are *American soldiers*, and no man has the right or authority to flog an American soldier. It is in violation of the Acts of Congress to flog a soldier, and no man can lawfully do so. I tell you, general, that I will use all the force at my command to protect these men, and you touch one of them at your peril." I do not think it necessary to tell you that those soldiers were not flogged; and I am satisfied that you will agree with me that General Steedman did assume great and grave responsibilities.

Much has been said of the battle of Chickamauga, and a great deal more has been written about it, yet the subject is far from being exhausted. It is not my intention to speak of the general movements of the army or of its several corps in that battle, but of the part taken by Steedman and his division. In speaking upon this subject I am not forgetful of the fact that there are those who differ with the friends of Steedman. I also know that the general's own report is the basis of all other reports, and the only ground upon which they frame their argument. Neither do I forget that a controversy has grown out of this, and been forced by one who personally knew nothing of the facts, and that this controversy was renewed immediately after the general's death. I also know that General Steedman was silent while living—not one word ever passed his lips in vindication of himself; and I know the reason why. Shall I tell you the reason? Listen; and you will learn, before I close, Of the cause of these attacks upon

our dead hero, the reasons assigned for the same, and the person making them, I wish to say but a few words, as they are of no consequence to you or me, my friends, and certainly of no interest to the general public. This much I do desire to say. The author of the articles reflecting upon General Steedman's integrity, his honor and soldierly conduct, never was in a position to know what Steedman did at Chickamauga, and not one of the witnesses he has called to his aid or from whom he has quoted (I care not of what rank or position) knows any more of the subject than himself. Could that person who has been so unkind and so unmanly as to make those dastardly and cowardly attacks upon the fair name of him in whose honor we have this day assembled, but feel in his own breast one such noble pulsation as always throbbed in the warm, generous, and magnanimous heart of Steedman, he would realize his own craven-heartedness, his own shame, and forever after hide his name and person from the public view.

General Granger's name has been associated with that of Steedman's in this discussion. I am not surprised, for Granger was there. He was Steedman's corps commander, and he was at Rossville and vicinity during the time now under discussion. The friends of General Steedman know this to be true. I know it to be true, for I saw him there, and General Steedman in his report says that Granger was there. But when I tell you that the author of the attacks upon Steedman inquired of one who knew all the facts connected with the campaign of Chickamauga, and learned them but to suppress them, you will agree with me that he is beneath the notice of an honest man, and that to withhold his name is to deprive him of that infamous notoriety he so anxiously seeks.

That General Granger was a brave man no one will question; but he had some grave faults, which seriously detracted from his usefulness, and of which I am made more free to speak by reason of a statement of some of them in a recent article in the *Century*, by an officer who was very intimately connected with him as one of his staff. Besides, in writing the history of events, justice and right judgment of men and their acts must be our object, and reasons may arise even for stating the faults of a brave man. General Granger was unpopular

in his own command, and an unwelcome visitor at headquarters. To his subordinates he was exacting and overbearing, while to his superiors he was discourteous. He was forever criticising the actions of his superiors, caviling at their orders, and condemning their movements. For this he was so much disliked that his commanding officers would rather he was not with them. Granger's criticisms were keen, but not always just. No one could detect a weak point in the line or a false move more readily than Granger, but he lacked the genius or the ability to strengthen the one or to correct the other.

No two men were more unlike than Granger and Steedman. Granger was an educated soldier; critical almost to insubordination; always looking for opportunities, frequently leaving his command to find them, but never ready to take advantage of them when found. Steedman was a citizen-soldier; ever obedient; always with his command; quick of perception; ready to grasp an opportunity or assume a responsibility; of iron will and resolute determination to do right, no matter what the personal consequences.

Granger's weakness was artillery. To those who were with him at Franklin, I need but recall the fact that while Van Dorn was attacking our lines, Granger was sighting the siege guns of the fort at his skirmish lines. Men who were at Triune will remember that he was fooling around the guns in the field works while Steedman was pursuing Forrest. Granger was at Chickamauga, but his ruling passion led him to give his attention to a battery, though not one of his own, as they were not sufficiently stationary for his purpose. While at Mission Ridge, General Grant had to inform him that his place was with his troops and not in Fort Wood. For these reasons, if none other, it can readily be seen that Granger could not be a favorite at headquarters, particularly when work was to be done and grave responsibilities assumed.

It is well known that certain members of Steedman's staff, myself included, have stated that for several days prior to and during the battle of Chickamauga, that General Steedman was acting under direct orders from department headquarters. I never expect to know the reason why, but at that time we

thought Rosecrans did not know of Granger's presence. I now know that Rosecrans did know of Granger's presence, and am therefore forced to believe that he preferred that Steedman should have that particular command under his own immediate orders. Subsequent events vindicated his judgment. Letters have been written to General Rosecrans upon the subject of his orders to Steedman, to which he replies: "No orders to any subordinates are remembered by me." The best memory, my friends, may be honestly at fault, and it therefore becomes necessary that we should examine the record and ascertain the facts. Having been a member of General Steedman's military family, and riding beside him in those eventful September days, I recollect something of the facts and incidents of those days, and have copies of dispatches and orders which will throw much light on Steedman's movements, and will show under whose orders he was acting.

September 17, 1863, General Steedman was ordered to make a reconnoisance toward Graysville, to ascertain if the enemy was in force at that place. Taking Mitchell's brigade and the two regiments under LaFavour, we proceeded on the reconnoisance. Sending a scout into Graysville, and finding no enemy, we pushed on to Ringgold, where we found a brigade of rebel cavalry and a body of infantry. After a sharp skirmish, finding the enemy moving a force toward our flanks, we withdrew and fell back several miles, going into bivouac for the night, and returning to Rossville about 2 P.M. the next day. On our return to camp, Steedman reported to Granger, whose headquarters were near ours, and the following was signaled department headquarters:

September 18, 1863, 2:30 P.M.

GENERAL ROSECRANS: Steedman has just returned to camp. Report is now on the way to your headquarters. Went to Graysville and Ringgold. Scott's brigade of rebel cavalry moved in two columns toward Lafayette and Dalton, upon his approaching. Minty is at Reed's bridge.

G. GRANGER,

Major-General.

This same afternoon, Whitaker was sent to the Chickamauga, where it crosses the Ringgold road; McCook to his right at Reed's bridge; Mitchell was soon after ordered to

reinforce McCook, while LaFavour remained at Rossville. The orders for these movements can not be found, and, as General Steedman's papers were destroyed by fire in this city, we must look elsewhere for evidence to support this statement.

The following official dispatches have an important bearing upon these movements, and show plainly under whose orders General Steedman was acting:

Rossville, September 18, 1863.

GENERAL GARFIELD: General Steedman sent the second brigade (Mitchell's) toward Reed's bridge immediately upon receipt of your order.

W. C. RUSSELL,

Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.

ROSSVILLE SIGNAL STATION, September 18, 1863.

(Received 11 p. m.)

GENERAL GORDON GRANGER (care Major-General Rosecrans): McCook has just reported his arrival at Reed's bridge, but could not find Minty. He captured five prisoners, who said they belonged to Johnston's brigade. They represent Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas. Firing has been heard by McCook in the direction of Whitaker. The citizens report that Minty moved off to the north, which is not believed. Mitchell's brigade was sent to reinforce McCook, but General Steedman thinks he should direct Mitchell to reinforce Whitaker, but will await your orders, as Mitchell's brigade was sent on General Rosecrans's orders. A wagon train crossed Reed's bridge just in advance of McCook's vanguard. Reed's bridge and Peeler's are certainly separate and distinct. Please give necessary instructions.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. C. RUSSELL,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Captain Russell was Granger's assistant adjutant-general, and wrote these dispatches by order of Steedman, for the reason that Captain Moe and myself were absent, having gone to the front with the troops named. The first dispatch, you will notice, is to the chief of staff of the general commanding, and says in language not to be mistaken: "*General Steedman sent the second brigade Mitchell's toward Reed's bridge immediately upon receipt of your order.*" The second dispatch is to Granger, care of General Rosecrans, giving the former information as to the movements in Steedman's front. You will

observe that Steedman thinks Mitchell should be sent to reinforce Whitaker, but says he will await Granger's orders, "as Mitchell's brigade was sent on General Rosecrans's orders."

There is no place in history where you find such an exhibition of self-sacrificing soldierly qualities in a subordinate commander as appears in these dispatches and was always found in Steedman's intercourse with Granger. Knowing the dislike there was to Granger, Steedman communicates to him, on his return from Ringgold, the information obtained, that he may report to the commanding general, and, now that important movements are taking place in his front, Steedman has him advised, and asks orders from him. All this while, as I have shown you, he is acting under the direct orders of General Rosecrans, and reporting directly to his headquarters.

The dispatches just read were forwarded early in the evening, and a few hours later the following from General Steedman himself was sent direct to the chief of staff at department headquarters:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION RESERVE CORPS,
Rossville, Ga., September 18, 1863, 11 P.M. } }

GENERAL GARFIELD: General Whitaker met resistance three miles from this point, on the Rossville road. He drove the enemy half a mile, lost one killed and four wounded, and is now on a creek that crosses the road this side of the Chickamauga. I have ordered him to hold his position until daylight, and then, if able to do so with safety, to advance to the Chickamauga.

I have but two regiments to take care of the property here and reinforce Whitaker.

JAS. B. STEEDMAN,
Brigadier-General.

Can you now doubt under whose orders General Steedman was acting?

It is said that McCook's and Mitchell's brigades were never moved by Steedman, under the direct orders of General Rosecrans. I submit that Steedman's dispatches, written by Granger's adjutant-general to Garfield and Granger, and his report of 11 P.M., September 18th, to department headquarters, written by himself, are ample evidence of the fact that they were moved by Steedman, that Granger had nothing to do with the movement, and that the orders were direct from

General Rosecrans. Should there still be doubt upon this subject in the mind of anyone present, the order I now read you will settle this question beyond all dispute, and I trust for all time:

DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS, September 19, 1863.

(Received 3 A.M.)

GEN. J. B. STEEDMAN: The general commanding directs that you send for McCook and the other brigade (Mitchell's) with all possible speed for orders to you. Orders to Whitaker are right.

R. S. THOMAS,

Captain and Aide-de-Camp.

This order was urgent, and was duplicated in fifteen minutes, for Walker's division of the rebel army had crossed the Chickamauga the evening previous but a few hundred yards above Reed's bridge, and the bridge itself was in the possession of the enemy. The order was written about 1 A.M., September 19th, but two hours later than the receipt of the dispatch by Granger at department headquarters, in which Steedman asked him for orders concerning these same brigades. Did he give the orders? I think you will agree with me that he did not. Can you then doubt under whose orders General Steedman was acting?

Now a few words as to McCook and the burning of Reed's bridge. There was an attempt to burn the bridge, but it was made by Minty. Several plank had been torn off, and a fire was kindled at the north end, but our forces were driven away and the fire put out by the rebels; for I have it upon the authority of Mr. Reed that the Confederates borrowed "one old bucket" from his mother for that purpose. McCook thought, as a little brush had been fired, the bridge must burn, and reported that he had destroyed it. He also reported that there was but one rebel brigade across the stream, and that he was about to "gobble" it when Steedman recalled him. General Thomas, acting upon that statement, sent Baird's and Brannan's divisions to take in McCook's "rebel brigade," only to have them overpowered by a superior force of Bragg's army. Reed's bridge was not destroyed until after the battle of Mission Ridge, when Bragg ordered it destroyed by his own army. The fact is, the enemy had driven Minty from the

bridge and had possession long before McCook could possibly have reached it. The few plank torn up were speedily replaced by others taken from Mr. Reed's house, and the bridge was used to cross the enemy's ambulances on the 19th and 20th, in conveying their wounded from the front of Thomas's left.

Only last December, in company with Colonel Moe, I visited Mr. Reed's house, the bridge, and the battlefield, and thoroughly investigated this subject. The younger Reed (James) is now residing in the old home. He was in the battle, was a member of the First Georgia Confederate infantry, and was the guide that conducted Walker's division across at a private ford, but a short distance above his father's bridge, on the evening of the 18th.

The following note of inquiry from General Thomas was turned over to General Steedman, for his answer, as Granger could not answer it, not being in command, or assuming to be in command, of General Steedman's division, and knowing nothing of the situation :

HEADQUARTERS 14TH ARMY CORPS,
DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
Near McDaniel's House, September 19, 1863, 1 P.M. } }

GEN. GORDON GRANGER, Rossville: Please give me the state of affairs with you. We have taken many prisoners from Virginia regiments and Johnston's army, showing Bragg has been reinforced from both.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
GEO. H. THOMAS,
Major-General U. S. Volunteers, Commanding.

This note was addressed to General Granger, at Rossville, where his headquarters were; but there were no troops there, as Steedman had ordered up the two regiments mentioned in his dispatch of the 18th. General Granger did not answer this note, but forwarded it to the officer in command at the front; and his answer is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION RESERVE CORPS,
McAfee's Chapel or Springs, September 19, 1863, 9 P.M.

Commanding Officer Forces on the Left, Fourteenth Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that my command is now occupying a line extending across the old Federal or Upper Ringgold road, extending to the Cleveland road on the left, and in the supposed direction of the left of the Fourteenth Army Corps, on the right some half mile. I am some three miles from Rossville, on a small stream designated on our map as the West Chickamauga.

I send an orderly to find your left. The enemy are in considerable force in my front, this side of the Chickamauga river. I intend to attack them in the morning. Please give me such information as will be of interest, in regard to the position of your left.

A portion of my command was engaged this p.m. with a superior force of the enemy, much to the credit of my troops engaged.

I have the honor, etc.,

Respectfully your obedient servant,

JAMES B. STEEDMAN,
Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

The dispatches and orders read you, cover September 18th and 19th, and prove conclusively that Granger was not commanding Steedman; and as additional evidence of that fact, I now give you the only written order received by General Steedman on September 20th, and direct from General Rosecrans. This order was received at McAfee Church, between the hours of 8 and 9 A.M.:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
McDaniel's House, September 20, 1863, 6:30 A.M.

BRIGADIER GENERAL J. B. STEEDMAN: The General commanding directs me to say that General Thomas reports the enemy in force on his left, and wishes you to be on the lookout.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

FRANK S. BOND,
Major and Aide-de-Camp.

The following from General Thomas, is added, to show whom he believed to be in command upon his left:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
In the Field, September 20, 1863, 8 o'clock.

GENERAL J. A. GARFIELD: Your note of this morning just received. I am moving my force near the road leading from McDaniel's to Reed's bridge, ready for any attack that the enemy may make upon myself or on General Steedman's front, who, I understand, is posted near the Little Chickamauga, on the Red House road. Are we in supporting distance of each other? If not, you had better report to General Rosecrans at once.

Very respectfully,

GEO. H. THOMAS,
Major-General Commanding.

The order of 6:30 A. M., September 20th, from General Rosecrans, was the only order, as before stated, received by Steedman that day, except the following verbal orders from General Thomas: First, to support Wood; second, to move to the extreme right, beyond Brannan; and, last of all, the order of the evening: "To hold position occupied until all the troops on the left had passed to the rear, and then to fall back to the right and rear, and cover the army in its retreat."

The dispatch of General Thomas at 8 A. M. expresses anxiety to have Steedman within supporting distance. Fortunately we have evidence of Thomas's estimation of the man on whom he relied, and whom we meet to honor this day; for about four years later, in conversation with General DePeyster, U. S. A., when DePeyster asked him the question, "Who was the best division commander that you had under you — most trustworthy, most efficient?" Thomas answered, "Steedman." To this staunch support he looked on that eventful day. Steedman was at that time over three miles to the left, and when he moved to the support of Thomas during the battle, he had a good four miles to march.

How well I remember that bright and cold Sabbath morning in Georgia. As the sun rose, and dispelled the mist and melted the frost, the beautiful valley lay peaceful and quiet before us. The men had risen from their places in the line of battle, cold, stern, and defiant. Not a shot was heard along the lines, yet each knew there was deadly work before him. A scanty breakfast was all that time, place, or inclination permitted. Each soldier carefully examined his musket, grasping

the same more firmly—may I say, affectionately—as he opened his cartridge-box or dived down into his pockets to make sure that he had a full supply of ammunition. Pallid were the faces, but firm the lips, of the brave men who had stood the storm of battle the day before. Anxious were the inquiries for comrades who had fallen or were missing, and low the response. Each soldier had some wish to make known, or some charge to give a comrade, as he prepared for the deadly work before him. How intense the suspense! Steedman's division was in line across the Ringgold road, to the front of McAfee Church, charged with the duty of preventing the enemy from turning our flank and getting into Chattanooga. Nine o'clock, and the sad, low, and sullen boom of a gun on the enemy's left was heard, as though sounding a requiem over the dead of yesterday. This was soon followed by another and still another, changing that requiem into a fierce defiance for the day. This was the signal for the attack; but it was still delayed. The stillness, however, was broken; for occasionally could be heard the sharp crack of the rifle, the zip of the bullet, and the screech of a shell, while from along the extended front came the rattling fire of the skirmishers and the roar of an occasional battery.

Watching the movements of the enemy, stood General Steedman, surrounded by his staff, when, quietly mounting, he bade me accompany him. Taking a staff officer or two and a few orderlies, we rode from one end of the line to the other, drawing the enemy's fire as we passed. Calling my attention to the straggling shots of the rebels and a cloud of dust rising to our front and right in the heavy timber, the General remarked: "There will be no fighting here to-day; the fighting will be on our right."

As we returned to the Ringgold road, the firing was becoming heavier in the direction of Thomas, the terrific roar of artillery and frequent firing by volley indicating that the battle was raging on his front. We here met General Granger and several members of his staff, who had just come out from Rossville, and whom Steedman addressed with the customary salutations. General Granger responded, and made inquiries as to the situation.

After informing Granger of the movements we had discovered, and the apparent weakness of the enemy in our front, General Steedman said: "From the firing we have heard, I am satisfied that the fighting will be on our right to-day, and it is my opinion that we ought to go to the support of Thomas." General Granger agreed with Steedman as to the situation, and replied: "It does seem so; but you know your orders. You are directed to hold this road and prevent the enemy from getting in our rear." "I know it," answered Steedman, "but the situation is changed; and if General Roscrans was here, he would relieve me, and order me to Thomas." To this General Granger responded: "I think myself he would; but he is not here, and it is a fearful responsibility, General Steedman, to assume to disobey an order and leave a position in the face of the enemy; and as an officer of the regular army, I could not advise you to do so." Steedman's answer was brief but emphatic: "I know it, General Granger; but I am an officer of the volunteer army; I dare assume the responsibility, and I will."

At this point in the conversation I was ordered to McAfee Church, to collect the staff and then see to the movement of the troops. While executing these orders, Generals Granger and Steedman rode to the high ground upon our left, from which they could obtain a better view of the field. Here a similar conversation took place, at which Captain Moe was present, and which he has published over his own signature.

I now submit that any person who was not within hearing of these conversations between those officers is not a competent witness to affirm or deny the same. The movement from the Ringgold road to the support of General Thomas was Steedman's, and Steedman's only. There could be no division of the responsibility. Steedman asked none; and had it been a mistake, Steedman would have permitted no one to share the responsibility, but would have bravely borne it himself, and alone would have suffered the penalty.

The dispatches and orders relating to the operations of Steedman's division, from September 17th to the close of the battle on the night of the 20th, have been given you, and I submit that they fully prove that Steedman was acting under the direct orders of his commander-in-chief.

Rejoining Steedman as the troops moved out into column, I rode beside him in the advance until we approached some buildings near the Cloud House, on the Lafayette road, which Thomas had used for his field hospital the day before, and which were about two miles to the left and rear of the line he then held. We were here fired into by the enemy. We rode back to the command, line of battle was formed, the hospital was recaptured, and some prisoners taken. Mitchell's brigade continued to move in line, left resting on the Lafayette road. McCook had been left to the right and rear in reserve, while Whitaker, with LaFavour's regiments, was moving in column by division.

While we were crossing the open space between the Lafayette road and General Thomas's position at the Snodgrass house, a rebel battery on our left opened upon us, killing and wounding several men in Whitaker's brigade. As Mitchell's line of march was leading too far to the left and into a body of timber, I was sent to bring him out, and did so, just as the enemy had opened fire on him. About this time General Thomas, becoming alarmed at the firing in his rear, asked for some one to go and ascertain what troops were there. Capt. G. M. L. Johnson, of General Negley's staff, volunteered to do so. The captain was a brave man; and fearing we were a body of the enemy, to save his life, he lay flat upon his horse, plunged his spurs up to their rowels in its side, and rode into our lines. We soon assured him we were friends, when he joined the general and myself, and rode with us to General Thomas, who was near the Snodgrass house, and upon his last line of defense.

After an expression of pleasure from General Thomas at our opportune arrival, we were assigned a position on his left centre, to support Gen. Thomas J. Wood. We had not yet become engaged when an officer from General Thomas informed Steedman that the enemy was moving toward Thomas's right, and that the general directed him to withdraw from support of Wood and move rapidly in the same direction. Moving the troops by the right flank down the valley, General Steedman, Captain Moe, and myself rode on the high ground to their left, pausing a few moments as we passed General

Thomas. He briefly informed Steedman of the situation, when we rode on to the extreme right and beyond Brannan. General Granger was with Thomas as we came up, and we left him there. I positively know that he did not accompany us.

Having reached the extreme right, and beyond all troops, we saw the enemy's line, which was pushing down the valley on our left, halt and front; whereupon Steedman directed me to ride down, "halt the first brigade, front, and move up the hill on the double quick." The same order was given Captain Moe as to the second brigade, the general following in a few minutes to take command of the line.

This was at ten minutes past one P.M., which I shall not soon forget; for while we sat on our horses, waiting the formation of the lines, Moe, pulling out his watch, said: "General, there is always a controversy as to the time when important events take place. It is just one, ten"; and as he put up his watch, Steedman's stentorian voice was heard above the roar of battle: "Forward, the First Division! Double quick, men, and give them h—l!"

Brief was the time, and short the distance up that ridge, my friends; but eternity is short compared to the experience of the few moments which elapsed before the lines of Steedman's bristling bayonets encountered those of the veteran Longstreet. That contest was a contest of Greeks. Volley upon volley was exchanged, and bayonet crossed bayonet, until the ground was crimson with the blood of those brave men. One-fourth of the boys in blue, and an equal number of those in gray, were killed or wounded in that encounter; but the gallant Steedman held the ground, and the Dry Valley Road was ours. It was during one of these desperate charges (for there were several of them) that a regiment gave way before the fierce onslaught of the Confederates, observing which I hastened to repair. Lieut. George W. Pepoon, of General Whitaker's staff, the only one not killed or wounded — the general himself being among the latter—and Lieut. J. B. Hayes, Nineteenth U. S. Infantry, of General Steedman's staff, reporting to me, I ordered Pepoon to the right flank and Hayes to the left, to assist in rallying the regiment. We had nearly succeeded in doing this (for the boys were brave, but

had been outnumbered and subject to a flanking fire), when General Steedman came up, on foot, stern, angry, and defiant. His horse had been killed, and he was thrown over its head, falling upon his hands and face upon the flinty ground. Arms, hands, and face were severely cut, torn, and bleeding. Hatless, and with hair dishevelled, that magnificent form of his seeming to tower giant-like above the rest, the embodiment of a hero amid the thunders of battle, he paused but a moment to exchange words with the color sergeant, when, grasping the flag, he sprang to the front, shouting: "Boys you may disgrace yourselves, but these colors never can be disgraced. I'll carry your colors, if you'll defend them! Go back, boys, go back; but your colors never!" Inspired by the heroism of their commander, the regiment rallied, and advanced to the front, and, the whole line joining in the charge, we drove the enemy over the ridge.

While we were re-forming after this charge, an incident occurred which was so characteristic of Steedman that I must give it you. The general being on foot, I dismounted, and gave him my horse, which he accepted, and as he was about to ride away I said to him: "General, if you should be killed and I survive you, what disposition do you wish made of your body and your effects?" His reply was: "Major, I have no request to make. I shall not be killed. We shall both live through this battle, and we will whip h—l out of them yet." Having ridden a short distance, he wheeled his horse, and came back to me saying: "Yes, major, I have a request to make. If I am killed, and you survive me, have my body and effects sent home; and see that these d—d newspaper reporters spell my name correctly." The general, as you must know, was very sensitive as to the spelling of his name, and, having misspelled it myself when first assigned to his staff, I fully appreciated his command.

After securing another horse, there being a temporary lull in the battle, the general, Captain Moe, and myself rode to the left, to see how Thomas had fared. We there met General Garfield, who had just come up, and again saw Granger. This was about 4 P.M., and was the last time I saw General Granger upon the field.

Returning to our command, we held the enemy until near dark, when, being hard pressed and out of ammunition, Colonel LaFavour made a bayonet charge by my order, and we lost the Twenty-second Michigan and Eighty-ninth Ohio, but the line was maintained. We remained in this position until one hour or more after sundown, and all the troops were withdrawn, when Captain Moe and myself retired with the last of our line, passing through McFarland's Gap, and thence, by road, to Rossville.

You may think me an enthusiast on the subject of Steedman. I give you facts to justify that enthusiasm; he richly deserved all the praise you people of Ohio gave him, and now bestow upon his memory.

For untold wealth I would not detract from the honor due any man, I care not how great or how unimportant his services to country or humanity. Neither would I pluck a single leaf from the laurel which crowns the brow of any soldier, even though it were to place another wreath upon the honored head of Steedman, but I will, here, everywhere, and at all times, defend the fair name, the honor, and martial fame of my old commander.

It was upon the bloody field of Chickamauga that Gen. James Blair Steedman did more than any other one man, excepting Gen. George H. Thomas, to save that grand old Army of the Cumberland from total annihilation and this Nation from an everlasting disgrace. Steedman's losses at Chickamauga were terrible; they were over forty-six per cent. of the command engaged, while the enemy's was equally as severe.

It has been well said, "Steedman saved the Army of the Cumberland" in that great battle, and right nobly did he earn the title by which his soldiers loved to call him, "OLD CHICKAMAUGA!"

Steedman's promotion to the rank of major-general of volunteers "for conspicuous gallantry at Chickamauga"; his subsequent command of the District of the Etowah; his organization of negro troops, and his magnificent fighting of the same,—are facts so well known that I need not repeat them. His faith in the loyalty of the negroes was remarkable; and he always declared they would make good and brave soldiers.

I remember calling upon him a few days before the battle of Nashville, when he asked me if I would like to see the negroes fight. I assured him that it would give me great pleasure to see them under fire. He then told me that he was going to feel the enemy; that he would take a brigade of negroes and make a direct attack, sending a brigade of white troops upon the flank. We soon found the enemy, drove in his skirmishers, and carried his outer line; when the enemy, being reinforced, we retired, having accomplished all that was desired. It was upon this occasion that Steedman came so near capturing Gen. Frank Cheatham; and when he learned this from the prisoners, Steedman declared that he would have given his commission to have captured Cheatham with his negro brigade.

While falling back, we observed a rebel captain whom a darkey had captured; and riding up to him, the general asked "Of what regiment?" "Fourth Texas," was the response. Steedman then said, "Captain, I suppose you have owned slaves, and this man may have been one of them. How do you like to be captured by a negro?" Like the brave man the captain was, he promptly answered: "Yes, General, I have owned slaves. I don't think this is one of them. I have been four years in the army, and have learned to have great respect for the infantry arm of the service; and when I can look down the barrel of a rifle, I never pause to inquire who is at the other end of it."

My friends and fellow-countrymen, I have detained you too long; but if I have told you anything new of General Steedman I am content. If I have succeeded in proving to you that General Steedman did command the First Division of the Reserve Corps at Chickamauga under the direct orders of the commander of the Department, I am well repaid for my labor. If I have made plain to you that to Steedman is due the honor of moving that division to the support of General Thomas in that memorable battle, my work will have been well done, and I shall feel that a labor of love has been faithfully performed.

A few words, and I am done. I wish to speak of the general's own report of that action, and why the "face of the returns" is against us.

In the report written by the assistant adjutant-general, Captain Moe, the proper source of orders and the real facts as to the movements and personal action of General Steedman were truthfully set forth. On the report being submitted to Steedman, in the greatness of his soul, and in the magnificent generosity of his noble nature, he turned to Moe, saying: "Captain Moe, this report would be unkind to General Granger. You know he is not in favor at headquarters. You know that he was frequently with us, and I can afford to treat him generously." And taking up his pen he drew it through the lines creditable to himself, and inserted, "General Granger ordered me to move to the battlefield as rapidly as possible. * * * My troops fought under the eye of the major-general commanding the corps," etc., etc. Thus wrote Steedman, notwithstanding Captain Moe and myself knew that Steedman was alone responsible for the movement from the Ringgold road to the support of Thomas, and that it was against the advice of the major-general to whom he was now giving all the credit. But, had the movement been a failure, and the enemy turned our flank, annihilated our army, and endangered the perpetuity of the Nation, General Steedman would then have written: "I made the movement on my own responsibility. The major-general commanding the corps is not responsible for my mistake"; and he would manfully have taken upon himself the penalties, the shame, and the eternal disgrace which would have followed his disobedience of the orders of his commander. A victory, however,—a victory so grand and great,—having perched upon his standard, he became oblivious to self, and gave the credit to one for whom he sympathized, his superior in rank, but one who was in no respect entitled to it.

Oh! generous soul, pure and unselfish patriot, gallant soldier! This monument to thy heroism shall crumble and decay. Generations will come and go, and this statue become dust, but the record of thy deeds of valor, thy devotion to principle, and thy sacrifices for country, shall not be forgotten while Liberty finds a resting-place upon this earth.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 708 666 9